

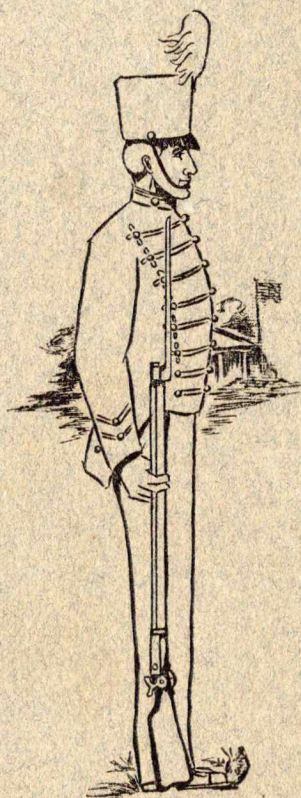
M. L. McCue

The BAYONET

Volume IV

March, 1909

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A. M. A. BAYONET

"AD ASTRA PER ASPERA"

Vol. IV

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No. 6

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Editorial



THE death of Hon. John W. Churchman, of Augusta County, on February 24th, comes as a very great shock to the people of Virginia, and indeed to our whole country. He was one of our strongest and most influential men, holding, among other commanding positions, the presidency of the State Board of Agriculture.

Mr. Churchman was formerly a member of the Constitutional Convention, and a candidate for the Speakership of the last House of Delegates. He served for five years in the Virginia Legislature and is said to have been the patron of more laws now incorporated in the Virginia Code than any other man. Among these is the Churchman Two-Cent Rate Bill, the first Virginia act to regulate railway rates. As chairman of the last Democratic caucus, he upheld his position as a leader among men renowned for their ability and culture.

Mr. Churchman devoted most of his time to his work in the Legislature, considering that his most sacred duty. There was

no one there more conscientious and diligent in his work, and none more respected and esteemed. The reason for this may be seen from his own words: "I'm for fair play to everybody, and the man is not living that can say I have ever done him an unwarranted injustice."

When, in the evening of life, men have attained to prominence through successful and meritorious works, their passing is always a source of the deepest sorrow and regret. How much more do we feel, then, the loss of such men who are taken from us in life's prime, their work but half completed, or scarce begun, and their enthusiasm for all that makes for their country's welfare still strong within them. And yet we can hardly say that their influence is ended even by death. The good is not always "interred with their bones." The subject of this editorial has left behind him the memory of a life marked by eminent success and a record for integrity of character and devotion to duty that should be an inspiration to us all.



Baseball

SPRING is now upon us, bringing along with it spring-fever, beautiful days, balmy weather and many other things. We leave the basket-ball floor and indoor sports for the game that stands supreme in the United States, the popularity of which is attested by the fact that it is now spoken of as the "National" game. Some of us like football and basket-ball better, but their season is now past till next year. We must center all our athletic love and energy on the game which does now and will continue to hold the attention of the athletic world for several months. There is no use in going into the details of the game and discussing the good and evil of athletics in general and baseball in particular as it is now the game of the season. We know that there is nothing better for the student than a proper amount of athletic sport, in conjunction with his studies. They must not be indulged in to the neglect of our school duties, but we should have "grit" and "pride" enough to work hard in the classroom and stand high in our classes, then to maintain the same high standard on the athletic field. Not only our ambition but the right school-spirit will impel us to follow such a course.

We want everybody that is willing to try to stop a ball to come out and give us a "lift." Just so you are willing and try hard, keep cool and don't get sore we will give you the warmest kind of a welcome. We don't want "stars" and we don't want "grand-stand" plays, those kind of men have too much trouble keeping their hats on. We want good, steady, hardworking fellows, willing to try hard, and if they don't make the team at first or the first trip, don't give up and send up a "yellow" cry of partiality. We want men who will work together and not individuals who imagine they can play the whole game, men who will sacrifice personal glory for the success of the team and don't go up in erratic flights of brilliancy on one chance and sadly fumble the next time. Fellows, let's pull together, let's resolve, by hard work and perserverance, to turn out a team that will be a pride to the friends of old A. M. A. and a credit to the school. Then we will carry the dear old "white and blue," those colors which are so dear to our hearts, to the highest summits of athletic fame and renown. We don't want any "knockers" either, perhaps it is a little early to mention this subject but we wish to forestall any evil tendencies in that direction.

We have good prospects for a team this year and we must improve our opportunities and turn out a winning one. Let our play be clean and hard, in short such as can be summed up in that one word that ever qualifies the athletics of old A. M. A. and the behavior of her players, "gentlemanly." We don't play hired "ringers" as do some schools that we will go up against; we never have and let it be our earnest desire that we never will. It is our pride that we play a school team composed of square, gentlemanly fellows and let's prove by our actions, whether in accepting defeat or rejoicing in victory, that this year's team is up to or above the usual standard.

Rooting

BASEBALL season is now upon us and it is, perhaps, a good time to get in a few words in regard to rooting. There is nothing that you can do that will make a man work harder for victory than to hear the cheers ring out across the field and to occasionally hear his name fastened to a yell. It puts new spirit in him and makes him feel that he is backed by his schoolmates and he will play all the harder to deserve their praise and to

overcome his opponent. Just so with the team, when the men hear the yells it puts into them new courage and infuses the winning spirit into their bodies, they resolve to win and pull together, which is half the secret of athletics. The rooting started up well last fall, but it seemed to die out. The decrease in yells must not be attributed to a lack of school spirit or to a lack of interest, but the boys just don't feel the good of rooting and it can't be properly felt until you are a member of a team and learn it from experience. Let's resolve to get together, fellows, and do some "star" rooting, there's no estimating the good that it does. Practice those best yells we have and use them.

We don't want personal rooting that is, and we hope ever will be, condemned by old A. M. A. It's ungentlemanly to take advantage of the crowd and say uncomplimentary things about an opposing player, besides a visiting team should be treated with the respect and deference due to any visitor. If a dispute arises let the Captain do the talking, it does the team no good to play without a word of encouragement or a yell and then when a dispute arises for you to try to do all the arguing. Talking when you ought to keep quiet and keeping quiet when you ought to yell. Our old boys know and appreciate the value of rooting and our sentiments on the subject so this is in a large measure intended for the new boys. No one can accuse us of lack of school spirit or ungentlemanly conduct on the athletic field and that is not the design of this editorial. It is merely meant to arouse our enthusiasm and urge us to greater efforts. It is meant to promote in its feeble way the welfare of our dear old school. So, reader, read it in the spirit it is written, remember the good and forget the bad features of it and if it in any way adds to the glory of A. M. A. it has fulfilled its purpose.



"THE Biography of Silas Perkins," the Ft. Defiance Farmer by "W," will appear in the next two issues of THE BAYONET.

"The Elopement," a story in this issue of THE BAYONET, was written by one of the greatest story writers of the age, "Blue Jeans Libbey." The real name of this great artist must be withheld for the present.

The Trailer



IT WAS one of those cold, clear Canadian winter days when I was ordered to report to the office of the Commissioner.

May I stop here and explain? I am a Yale man of the class of 1906 and a member of the Kappa Sigma fraternity. Soon after finishing college I went to Canada and tried wheat raising, but was unsuccessful. And being "down and out" I joined the Royal Northwest Mounted Police of Canada. After being in the service about one year and a half I was given a difficult mission to discharge, which I will now describe.

I reported to the Commissioner's office and there he told me what I had to do. He said that he had just received word from the authorities of a small town saying that the cashier of the town bank had just made off with \$12,000 in gold of the town's money. The Commissioner gave me just one hour in which to get ready to get on the trail of this cashier.

It took me less time than that to get ready. My outfit consisted of six dogs harnessed to a sled, small stove, snow-shoes, blankets and food. After I was ready I had my outfit inspected and reported to the Commissioner for instructions. My instructions were to bring this man back alive. I started out in the face of a blinding snow-storm, reaching after a day's travel the town of Alberta, from which the cashier had fled, there I spent the night.

The next morning I started out on the cashier's trail. The trail led due northwest, and I journeyed on this trail which led through the vast Canadian forest. After the sixth day of my journey I came across the place where the criminal had evidently spent a couple of days. I stopped here for a short while and then started forward once more. Just before nightfall I came to a lake that was frozen over and attempted to cross it. But before I had gone very far the ice gave way underneath me and I went in up to my armpits in ice cold water. I got to shore by breaking the ice up in front of me with my revolver butt, then I got my team out, but was unlucky enough to find that one of my dogs was so badly frozen that I had to shoot him. I continued on my way all that night and the next morning I

came on my man's last camping place. I found that the ashes were still warm and that my man could not be very far ahead. While looking around this camp-fire I found a briar pipe with letters K. S., Yale '06, in the bowl.

I knew that only one man in my whole class had a pipe like that, and that was my old room mate, Bert Thomas.

It cut me to the quick to think that my best friend during my college life should do a thing like this.

I traveled onward and at nightfall I saw the glimmer of a camp fire. Creeping up to a figure that sat in the light of the fire I thrust my revolver in his face and commanded "hands up!" The man's hands went up in the air like a shot. I removed his revolver from his side and then sat down near him and told him who I was.

Bert broke down and cried like a baby when he saw me, but I soon soothed him and asked him why he stole this money. He said that out in that little New England town his mother was dying of poverty and as he was "down and out" he stole the bank's money to help her.

This story touched my heart, so I divided my provisions with Bert, took \$10,000 and let him go on his way while I turned my face once more towards Alberta.

Upon my arrival I made my report to the Commissioner, gave him the money and told him I had found this much of the whole amount, and finding this much I did not think of still trailing the fugitive. My story was accepted. A year later the remaining \$2,000 was returned to the bank and I received a letter from Bert saying that this money had saved his mother's life and it had also helped along a great deal, and to this day no one ever knew what happened to that \$2,000 or what happened by that campfire in the Canadian forest.

—"WOBIE."



Brainless Bug

The lightning bug is brilliant,
But it hasn't any mind;
It travels through the darkness
With its headlight on behind.

The Elopement

By Blue Jeans Libbey



MONTMORENCY GOTROX stood at the corner of two lonely streets. The gloom was heavy about him; the wind blew the dust in little eddies about his feet and brought down the rustling leaves upon his silk hat. Suddenly a neighboring clock struck twelve.

"The time has come," he said.

A voice from the darkness cried out: "The woman is here."

A moment later Phyllis Marchmont was wrapped in his arms.

"Papa is busy signing checks and will not discover my absence till he finds I am gone. Let us hurry," she said.

They stepped into a cab and were hurriedly driven to the house of a clergyman.

CHAPTER II

The ceremony was about to take place. Already the groom stood with his hand outstretched to receive the bride. Suddenly, as if stung by a serpent, the proud beauty drew back and cried with a look of unutterable scorn:

"Montmorency Gotrox, you have deceived me."

"Deceived you. How?"

"You ask me how! You! who have come to marry me dressed in a frock coat and a silk hat." And turning on her heel she imperiously swept away.

Montmorency fell back into the arms of the astounded clergyman.



What do you mean by writing "among the prettiest girls at the dance was Capt. Pole?" The captain is a man.

Yes, but he spent most of his time among the prettiest girls there.

Howard (who has run up a heavy bill at the Beverley): You are manager here, sir? Well, six months ago I dined here and not being able to pay my bill you-er-kicked me down stairs.

Manager: Very sorry, sir, but business you know-er-er-I had to-er—

Howard: That's all right, old pal, but-er-would you mind doing it again?

Resolutions

Whereas, the All-Wise Creator, who often works in ways mysterious to us, to perform His wonders and carry out His eternal purposes, has removed from a life of prominence and useful service, the

Hon. John W. Churchman

of Augusta County. Be it therefore

Resolved: That we, the faculty and corps of cadets of the Augusta Military Academy do most sincerely deplore the great loss which our community and the whole country sustains, and be it further

Resolved: That we extend our heartfelt sympathies to the widowed wife and to the children, one of whom is our esteemed fellow-student, Charles J. Churchman, and be it further

Resolved: That a copy of these resolutions be printed in the March number of the BAYONET.

Compositions and Declamations



AJOR ROLLER has been making the whole school read aloud compositions each Saturday between the hours of 12.30 p. m. and 2 p. m. On last Saturday he appointed Cadets Churchman, Matthews and Van Devanter as judges to decide which were the two best compositions read. We are publishing these two in this issue, which are by Cadets Bush and Leonard.

Beginning with this Saturday, declamations will be held during the above named hours. To many this will be quite a difficult and embarrassing undertaking, yet it is something that will be beneficial to us all through life. To be able to speak or read well in public is an accomplishment that all young men should acquire.

True Courage

Courage is part of a man's nature which is seen more or less every day. But, of course, it is more prominent at some times than at others. For instance, the first time a person tries to catch behind the bat in a baseball game, knowing his danger, it requires some will power to do it. Or in a foot ball game when the crowds are standing by the side lines cheering you on to great efforts, one will do deeds of daring that he wouldn't do if it wasn't for the urging on of the bystanders.

Many and many a time you will see a small school boy stand up to another boy much larger and stronger than himself and dare him to fight.

These brave attempts are often exhibited in the presence of others. Another illustration of this common or every day courage was the attempt of Lieutenant Hobson to sink the United States collier Merrimac in the channel in Santiago harbor. I have read that one seaman in his party was offered over three hundred dollars if he would let another seaman go in his place on this dangerous trip, but he refused, and the only reason he did it was because he knew that if he was killed his name would live forever in the accounts of the Spanish-American War. And his name would be read in the newspapers at home. His friends would say: "What a brave man he was," etc. What other reason could there be for him not to accept three hundred dollars

and keeping out of danger instead of going and drawing his little twenty-five dollars per month and board and chances. Perhaps he thought he might be as fortunate in marrying some heiress as his commanding officer did later.

True courage, I believe, is when there is no one about to cheer you on to do your best. The only reason you do it is because it is right and not because there is any glory in it.

I once read of a young naval officer who graduated from Annapolis the year the war with Spain commenced. He was a man of great ability as a scholar and had a splendid physique, with all this he had planned a name for himself in the navy.

He served through the war with distinction, but when peace was declared he was lying in a hospital suffering from some kind of fever and other complications which placed him in very bad condition. When told he would never get well again he didn't say anything, but took it without a murmur. When the Navy Department notified him that his resignation had been accepted he knew his hopes were gone forever in the navy. He spent his time in studying about his condition and knew more about himself than his physicians.

On the porch of a cottage facing the sea, in a little country town in Massachusetts, he spent most of his time during the day. Oftentimes he suffered agony, but he never uttered a groan. When the end came he passed away quietly, never letting on about his sufferings. He lies in some little country village grave yard with a stone saying he was a naval officer and telling when he was born and when he died.

I believe this man did just as much good in the war as the one who was offered a sum of money to let another go and show off. He was more of a hero in my opinion than the other, because he took his lot like a man and not for the glory in it.

B. W. LEONARD.



What I Would Do if I Had \$5,000,000

In telling what I would do with five million dollars, first. I would put it out on interest and it would bring 300,000 dollars. As that would be too much for my needs I would think of the millions of people who are starving and are in need; of the ones

who are too old to work and are starving. My annual income being 300,000 dollars I would distribute some among the Y. M. C. A.'s for the work of the foreign missionaries, I would think of the ones who do not know of God, the One who helped me make the five millions. The story I am telling you and which I am going to finish is absolutely true, because what good is money when you have so much you can't spend it? I think it is a sin to store away money when there are thousands who could use it and be made happy. Now take every rich man in the United States and in the world, if he would distribute what he doesn't use among good causes instead of storing it away to make more, everybody in the United States would be happy and there would be no poor class. Think of it! If every rich man would have the heart to do as I have stated, what the world would be when they got them out of their helpless position so that they could work for themselves. If I had five million dollars I certainly would help a good cause every year.

I do not understand why people worth so much money store it up just to have the reputation of being rich, as title in this world is of no use unless it is given by the Lord Almighty. Title gives you a big name, but think of the future. There isn't a man hardly in the United States which thinks of the future when he does things, but I will tell you now if he does not help others, when he can, he commits a sin, a mortal sin. In the world he lives swell for maybe sixty years, but just think he has to live forever after he dies for his sins in not such comfort as he did when he was rich and shunned the poor. So the best thing a man can do when he is wealthy is to help the needed cause. Every word I have written in this composition that is of the good I would certainly do and all of my words on what I would do if I had five million dollars are true.

WOLF BUSH (14 years).



There was an old lady from Tyre,
Whose auto got stuck in the mire,
Said the village fool
If 'twas only a mule
You might start it by building a fire.

Athletics

Officers

PRESIDENT

C. J. Churchman

TREASURER

Capt. A. C. Pole

ASSISTANT TREASURER

J. W. A. Holmes

Executive Committee

Col. T. J. Roller Capt. E. H. Hancock Major C. S. Roller, Jr.
 Capt. A. C. Pole C. J. Churchman

Basket-Ball

CAPTAIN

A. C. Pole

ASSISTANT CAPTAIN

B. B. Clarkson

Tennis Club

PRESIDENT

Capt. A. M. Withers

TREASURER

H. A. Sawyer

The Third Team

THE Third Team has at last been organized. It is composed of those who say that they are unable to play baseball. If any member of this team catches or hits a ball he is fined and promoted. There are quite a number of applicants for this team. Our battery consists of Bennet, pitcher, and Cunningham, N., catcher. Bennet is superb at pitching. One of his famous stunts is to tie himself up in a double bow-knot before pitching the ball. The catcher is very fond of using his mouth instead of his mitt.

A. M. A., 19; vs. Alleghany Collegiate Institute, 18

The A. M. A. team played their last game of the season on February 10 in the Academy Hall against the fast team from the Alleghanies.

Both teams played an exceptionally good game from start to finish and it was only a matter of conjecture as to which team would come out victorious until Churchman threw a field goal, just before the whistle blew, which won the game for us.

The game was one of the best and most closely contested that has been played on our floor this year, there were very few fouls called and it was a fast, clean play from start to finish.

OUR FRIEND FROM THE PALACE.



One of the principal features of the contest was the long accurate passing of the ball.

The A. M. A. quintet showed a very great improvement to

their previous playing and if all the games scheduled had not been played the A. M. A. team would have had as good a record as any of the Valley Prep. Schools.

The game was started by Clarkson getting a field goal and from then to the end, first one team was a goal ahead, then the other. In the latter part of the first half Landes retired from the game on account of illness and his place was taken by Capt. Hancock, who did some good work.

The stars for A. M. A. were Churchman, Clarkson and Capt. Pole. The game ended with the score 19 to 18 in favor of the home team.

SUMMARY

Center, Clarkson, 3 goals.

Left Forward, Pole, 2 goals, 1 foul.

Right Forward, Landes, 1; Capt. Hancock, 2.

Left Guard, Collingwood.

Right Guard, Churchman, 1.

SUBS

Smith

Easley

Youell

Referee, Maj. Roller.



Athletic Honors

The following cadets have been awarded the R. This is a much coveted honor, for only those cadets who make a place on one of the athletic teams are allowed to wear the letters A. M. A. or the letter R on their sweaters or athletic caps.

FOOT BALL

Clarkson, 2d time

Gallagher, 1st time

Gardner, M., 2d time

Sawyer, 1st time

Van Devanter, 2d time

Howard, 1st time

Collingwood, 1st time

and

Churchman, 1st time

Captain Hancock

Youell, 1st time

Captain Scott

Miller, 1st time

Captain Massie

Hastie, 1st time

BASKET BALL

Gardner, M., 2d time

Pole, 1st time

Churchman, 1st time

Clarkson, 1st time

Collingwood, 1st time

Landes, 1st time

Dewitt, 1st time

and Captain Hancock



Some Celebrities

I will endeavor to describe in my feeble way

Some rare specimens we have at A. M. A.

I wish it were possible to introduce them all

But space is limited, that wish must fall.

"Dynamite Jack," of Lynchburg, renowned,

In high explosives his delight is found.

It's strictly against his sense of right

To stay in his room but a part of the night.

He wanders all over the barracks, up to the tower,

Yes—everywhere except to the "shower."

"James Hanover" is one remarkable lad,

His shoes are the largest that can be had,

He hails from New Hope, "The Sons of Rest,"

And in that lodge is among the best,

He rooms in "The Palace," I've said enough,

Jim's a "peach," but his surroundings are tough.

Now I will mention a love-sick swain

Who has appeared in our columns time and again.

He has been placed in a position that arouses pity

And so I resolved to mention him in my ditty,

There's nothing funny, he's in a sad plight,

For Captain — cut him out the other night.

"Trixie the Brave," pride of the palace,

Always happy, ignorant of malice;

He, too, has been stricken by the bow of Cupid

At Ft. Defiance, too, well I guess that's stupid,

Just the same he gets dinner in the neighborhood.

Now all cadet love cases can be understood.

Love is sweet, but the dinner's what's good.

On the Diamond

The old foot ball is covered with dust
And the basket ball—forsake it we must.
They've had their season, now Spring is come,
The bats they break and the baseballs hum.

Our interest is centered in the National Game
And we purpose to give others a taste of the same
We want to turn out a team that will win,
Then how we beat K— will sure be a sin.

We don't play "ringers" like some schools we know,
But we play straight ball and do not blow.
Our boys lay selfish interest away
And play for the sake of old A. M. A.

We will rally around the dear old white and blue,
We will play hard but square as we always do.
Then we will raise on high that banner fair
And expect succeeding corps to keep it there.



Baseball Schedule 1909

Augusta Military Academy

Grottoes Athletic Club	Ft. Defiance	March 27
Bridgewater College	Bridgewater	April 3
Gettysburg College	Ft. Defiance	April 10
S. M. A.	Staunton	April 17
S. C. I.	Ft. Defiance	April 24
F. M. S.	Waynesboro	April 26
F. M. S.	Ft. Defiance	May 1
Randolph-M. A.	Ft. Defiance	May 3
Bridgewater	Ft. Defiance	May 8
	Ft. Defiance	May 15
S. M. A.	Ft. Defiance	May 17
S. C. I.	Dayton	May 22



Question—What is the difference between Christian Science
and a young lady of very slender proportions?

Answer—One is a humbug and the other is a bum hug.

Applicants for Baseball Team

Pitcher—Col. Roller, Capt. Withers, Tallant, M.

Catcher—Major Roller, Landes.

1st Base—Collingwood, Capt. Hancock.

2d Base—Hastie, McCormick, J.; Carter, Easley.

3d Base—Stout, Leonard.

Short Stop—Gallagher, Tallant, A.

Left Field—Bell, Churchman, Rountree, H.; Smith, McCormick, L.; Harman.

Centerfield—Pole.

Right Field—Clarkson, Sites, G.



Officers

PRESIDENT

C. J. Churchman

VICE PRESIDENT

A. M. Withers

SECRETARY AND TREASURER

A. C. Pole

THE MEETINGS this month up to now have been led by Howard and Mr. Van Devanter. They were very well attended, especially the last one, and the meeting and singing was very good. Mr. Van Devanter read a chapter in the Bible and made some very good and fitting remarks, but any one that knows Mr. Van Devanter knows that he generally makes those kind when he makes any. A good enthusiasm was shown and the singing was good. The melody may not have been as sweet as some singers can make it, but the volume and spirit of it was all right. We certainly do appreciate Mr. Van Devanter's helping us by leading our meetings and are always glad to welcome anyone who will help us with our work.

Come over now, fellows, next Sunday night and see if you don't enjoy it and bring some one else with you. Put aside that old excuse of having to write letters just at Y. M. C. A. hour. You can do that some other time either before or after. We all like to get with a bunch of fellows and do some singing once in a while. It freshens us up and makes us feel much better. In the use of your vocal talent our Y. M. C. A. meetings offer unlimited advantages. Come over now next Sunday night, you fellows, that haven't been in the habit of coming and see if you don't get real, true pleasure out of it. We don't mean the kind you get in a vaudeville, but the satisfying pleasure. Give it a trial next Sunday night anyway. Don't forget the time, 8 p.m., just at call to quarters.



Our Favor German



ON THE night of Friday, February 5th, the annual mid-winter german of the Augusta Military Academy was danced in the Academy hall. Eighteen couples were on the floor besides numerous stags and onlookers.

The dancing began at nine and continued until nearly 2 o'clock with only a short intermission for refreshments. Much time and trouble had been spent in decorating the hall, and it presented a most beautiful appearance, with the bright colored pennants covering the walls, the brilliant electric lights and the glistening polished floor.

Col. Roller and Maj. Roller piloted the merry crowd through the mazes of many difficult figures and Cadet Howard led a particularly intricate and attractive one.

The presentation of quaint and tasteful favors, including Japanese fans and hats, was another pleasing feature of the dance. Mrs. Brooks, of Ft. Defiance, presided at the favor table, seeing the performance through without a hitch and adding just another touch of gracefulness.

A charming scene was presented at the close, when streamers of colored paper were thrown over strings attached across the ceiling. Through these pendent streamers the couples danced amid volleys of confetti, producing an effect as pretty as it was unique. Several barn dances were especially enjoyed and added

another specie of variety to an occasion which was never monotonous, but replete with excitement and change all the way through. Much of the credit for the success of the whole affair is due to the music furnished by the Beverley Orchestra of Staunton.

Those dancing were: Mrs. Brooks with Col. T. J. Roller; Miss Janet Harnsberger, of Grottoes, with Capt. Hancock; Miss Helen McCue with Capt. Scott; Miss Josephine Sillings, of Staunton, with Capt. Pole; Miss Elizabeth Miller, of Staunton, with Capt. Withers; Miss Bessie Wallace Landes, of Staunton, with Cadet Corporal Howard; Miss Margaret Byers with Cadet Sergeant Easley; Miss Cornelia Stout, of New Hope, with Cadet Lieutenant Sawyer; Miss Grace Bell, of Mt. Sidney, with Cadet Sergeant Smith; Miss Margaret Patterson, of Harrisonburg, with Cadet Sergeant Nalle; Miss Carrie Roller, of Weyer's Cave, with Cadet Private Harman; Miss Willie Whitmore, of Mt. Sidney, with Cadet Private Carter; Miss Mary Roller, of Weyer's Cave, with Cadet Bugler Welch; Miss Alice Sites with Cadet Private Pacheco; Miss Mary Dudley with Mr. Charles Byers; Miss Mabel McCue with Mr. Robert Byers; Miss Nannie Miller with Dr. Patterson; Miss Bertha Miller with Cadet Sergeant-Major Rountree.

The stags were: Drs. Roller and Whitmore, Cadets Miller, Tallant, A., Leonard, Waters, F., Roult, Rountree, Landes, Mitchell, McDonald and Dawson.

Chaperons: Major C. S. Roller, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Ruebuck and Mrs. Brooks.



Exchanges

Our table has never been weighted down with exchanges, but this month there is an even greater scarcity than before. There is a great variety among our sister papers. Some are plain and substantial; others are "tricked and frounced" in gaudy cuts and cover designs and florid poetic effusions. Some are either sincerely or affectedly good, frowning upon the nefarious practice of accepting "ads" concerning "booze" and cigarettes and billiard parlors; others, which are managed by mere human beings, are glad to get money in any kind of fashion

whatsoever. Some have an occasional slang or "cuss" word; others look with Puritanical disfavor upon such wickedness and lack the redeeming feature of abundant nonsense. Some are painfully long, while others are even more painfully short. Some few are sufficiently evenly balanced and sufficiently well written not to offend our fastidious taste. We expect to see a mad rush next time among our exchanges to enroll themselves among this favored class.

There seems to be a rather general neglect of the exchange department, as if it is not one of the most important features in any school magazine. We think the editor of the department should always bear in mind that this is the part of the paper to which others first turn, even if it doesn't interest the home folks. People always like to see if others will confirm their good opinion of themselves, or, if they cannot get HONORABLE mention, they feel that even a "roast" is better than indifference—but we are using valuable space and making ourselves disagreeable.

The Memphis "High School Bulletin" is "all to the good," being enrolled in the favored class mentioned above. It has in our opinion practically all of the virtues that can be expected in a paper of its purpose and scope. It is neat, attractive, well selected, well edited, well printed. The article on "Sidney Lanier" is well done. "The Eternal Cisero" "The Scoop" and "Honor vs. Victory" are three especially good stories and all the others deserve praise. We also enjoyed the Personals.

The February "Sketch Book" is one of the "painfully short" variety and the "forgotten exchange department" kind. There are too many CALENDARS and class NOTES, and sorority NOTES, and music NOTES, and PROGRAMMES, which take up space entirely out of proportion to their interest.

"The Philomathean Monthly" doesn't seem to relish anything approaching nonsense. Indeed, the impression it makes on us is somewhat lugubrious. Why not cheer up, friends, seeing that the glorious spring time has come and school days will soon be over for a while? We admit that you are sentimental enough, but you are lacking a sense of humor. We also feel that we must take exception to the whiskey and cigarette advertisement idea.

"The Ring Tum Phi" is not surpassed by any college or university weekly in the State. We were inclined to think it a little too ambitious at the beginning of the session, but it has steadily maintained and even increased its excellence. The editorial work has been uniformly splendid throughout the past six months.

We gratefully acknowledge the following :

"The Cadet," of V. M. I., Mary Baldwin "Miscellany," "College Topics," "The Bugle," "The Virginia Guide," "The Monthly Chronicle," "The Virginia Tech," "The Oracle," "The Cadet," of C. M. A.

EXCHANGE EDITOR.



Personals

Bennet (to Capt. Pole): How do you pronounce your first name?

Capt. Pole: Arminius.

Bennet: Ignoramus! It seems to me that some one called me that one time.

Officer (to a recruit who has missed every shot): Good heavens, man! Where are your shots going?

Recruit (tearfully): I don't know, sir; they left here all right.

You say you are a sailor? sniffed the doubtful housewife.

Yes, mum, hastened Hornpipe Harry as he took a reef in his trousers.

But you don't make use of that nautical expression, "Shiver my timbers!"

Oh! no mum, I say "Shiver my gas bag, or Shiver me wings," I am an airship sailor, mum.

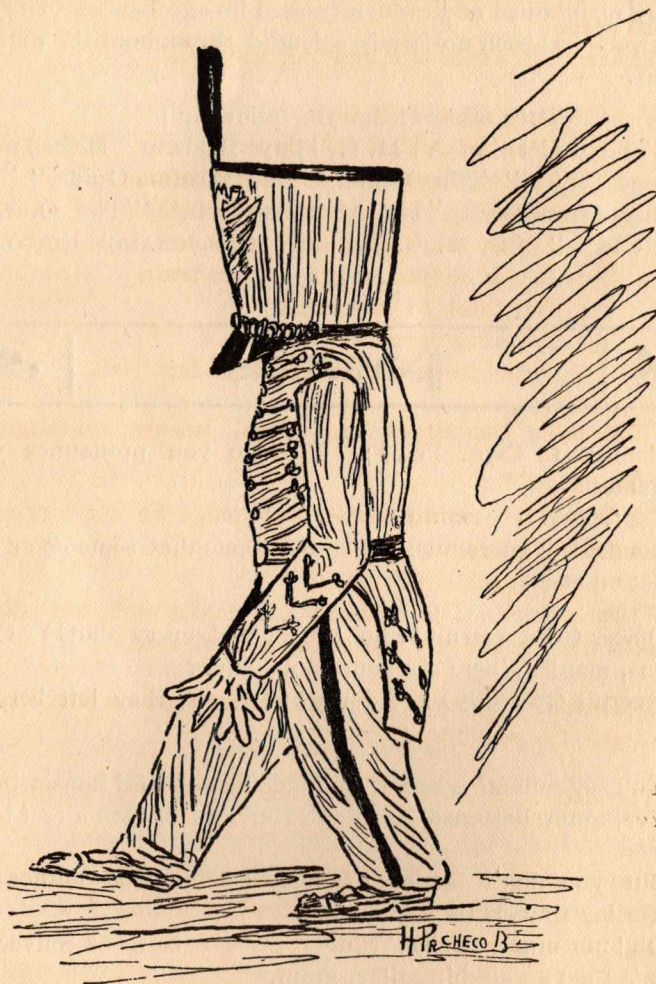
Major Roller to Gallagher: Who built the Panama Canal?

Gallagher: I don't know, sir.

Maj. Roller: No one. It was DUG.

Do you think your nerve is sufficiently steady to fit you for an airship navigator?

Oh! yes, I have been out in a canoe with a nervous fat girl.



Drags

Waters F.: I want to be tough.

Rountree, H.: If his face is his fortune, then he is doomed.

Mitchell: I sleep—wake me not.

Bennet and Bush: Well matched.

Cunningham, N.: A face like a stormy night's dream.

Churchman: I might rehearse many delights of country life.

Stout and Kirkpatrick: Feet like sunny gems on an English green.

Barker: It would talk and talk and talk.

Drill days, drill days,
Dear old golden drill days;
Drilling inspection and dress parade,
Polish up your brasses with pomade.
If they don't pass don't get sour
If you happen to get just one hour,
But think in your mind
About the good old time
When we were a couple of Cadets.—Ex.

"Dat mule," said the colored citizen, "hez sho' got religion in 'im."

"Think so?"

"I know so, ter my sarten knowledge he hez kicked six sinners clar ter glory."

"But—you reckon dey got in?"

"Dey had ter. Dey broke in. W'en dat mule hits you wid his heels you'd make daylight throo a stone wall."

McCormick, L., says he would rather walk on land than on the water. So would we.

Too bad! Holmes is really cut out forever, down at the Fort.

Rountree, R.: He is the best bred dog in this country.

Gallagher: That's just the kind of a dog I need. I'm hunting bread most of the time.

Sunday School Teacher: All the boys who want to go to heaven will please rise.

Harry Parkins: Why teacher—excuse me—but that's the only way they CAN go to heaven.

Tucker Cook : Some of these baseball players must be very polite fellows.

Howard : What do you mean anyhow, Cook?

Tucker Cook : Why the paper tells about the pitcher "fanning" the men on the other side.

Capt. Pole : I lent Holmes a handkerchief some time ago when he went calling on the girls and he has never returned it.

Capt. Withers : Well, it was only a small loss.

Capt. Pole : I know it, but I don't like the idea of a man blowing himself at my expense.

What makes Holmes look so sad and Capt. Scott so happy?

Annanias chuckled, "In the course of nature I must die. yet I may go in peace, for this invention will keep my memory green forever," and the arch-liar went down town and patented the first gas-meter.

Capt. Hancock : Cunningham, H., where is the chief location of the manufactories of Austria-Hungary?

Cunningham, H. : Salt.

Capt. Hancock : Who are the ancestors of the people in Rumania?

Rouse : The Ancient Romans.

Capt. Hancock : What is their language?

Alexander : Roman Catholics.

Fossil—plug for barrel.

Speculate—to spit.

Hydraulics—disease.

Legible—one who keeps a ledger.

Capt. Withers : Tallant, what's a "theologian?"

Tallant, A. : A physician.

Capt. Pole (correcting) : Not so, it's a trained nurse.

Young lady to Cadet Howard : If you say that again I will roll you in the snow.

Cadet D. : That would be a "long roll" eh, Wobbie?

It is a favorite diversion nowadays to go to the Fort to hear the "Grat"ophone.

She : I am going to give you back our engagement ring —I love another.

Nalle : Give me his address, please.

She : Do you want to kill him?

Nalle : No, I want to sell him the ring.

Howard : It is said that it requires a surgical operation to insert a joke in a Scotchman's head. They need an operation to insert jokes in some of these fellows' heads here.

Nalle. What puzzles me is how they could get some of your jokes in their heads *with* a surgical operation.

Mary had a little rat,

The color of her hair,

And everywhere that Mary went

The was rat always there.

Howard (who is lunching down town slightly late at night, calling his wife up on the 'phone) : Can't get home till late to-night, dear, I am crowded with work here at the office.

Mrs. Howard : Of course I believe you, but when you get home you will have to explain how you happen to have an orchestra in your office.

The following is an extract from the letter of a certain young man here:

I'm in a 10 der mood 2 day

And feel poetic 2,

Thought I'd take my pen in hand

2 send a line to you.

I'm sorry you've been 6 so long,

Don't feel disconsol 8,

But bear your ills with 42d

And they won't seem so gr8.

Sawyer : What an outrage ! Twenty-five cents for a shave!

Barber (earnestly) : Yes, sir, fifteen cents was for the shave and ten cents for finding what to shave.

A certain young fellow named Burton,
Once said there was no harm in flirtin'

In one case he tarried,

And found himself married.

Poor cuss—now he isn't so certain.

There was a young maid from Cape Town,
Her teeth were of world-wide renown,

She smothered a yawn

And found they were gone,

And now they must pour her grub down.

Four Good Habits

There are four good habits—punctuality, accuracy, readiness and dispatch. Without the first of these time is wasted ; without the second, mistakes the most hurtful to our own credit and interest and that of others may be committed ; without the third nothing can be well done, and without the fourth opportunities of great advantage are lost, which are impossible to recall.—Selected.

First Idiot (C. E. S.): I dropped my watch and it stopped.

Second Idiot (W. D. E.): Well, did you expect it to go through the floor?

Howard says: 'Tis better to have loafed and flunked, than never to have loafed at all.

Mitchell—translating in French; Elee avait ote son chapeau, et ses cheveux blonds, &c. "She had oats on her hat, and many wild horses."

As Others See Us

An answer to a question in English History just recently shows that all men may be sovereigns, that is, at least in the minds of the young.

Major Roller asked: "Who had charge of the affairs of England as Protector, immediately after Charles I and what kind of a man was he?" A certain cadet answered: "Daniel Boone, who was a great writer."



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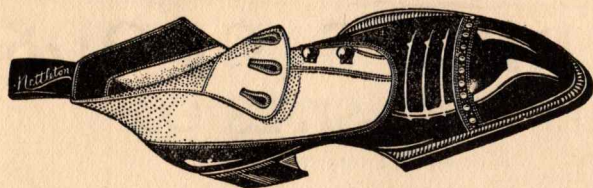
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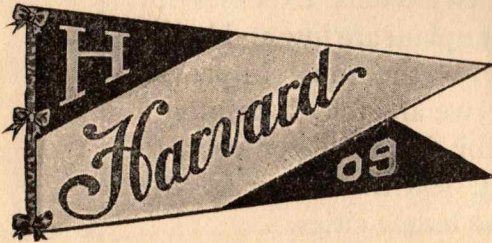
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